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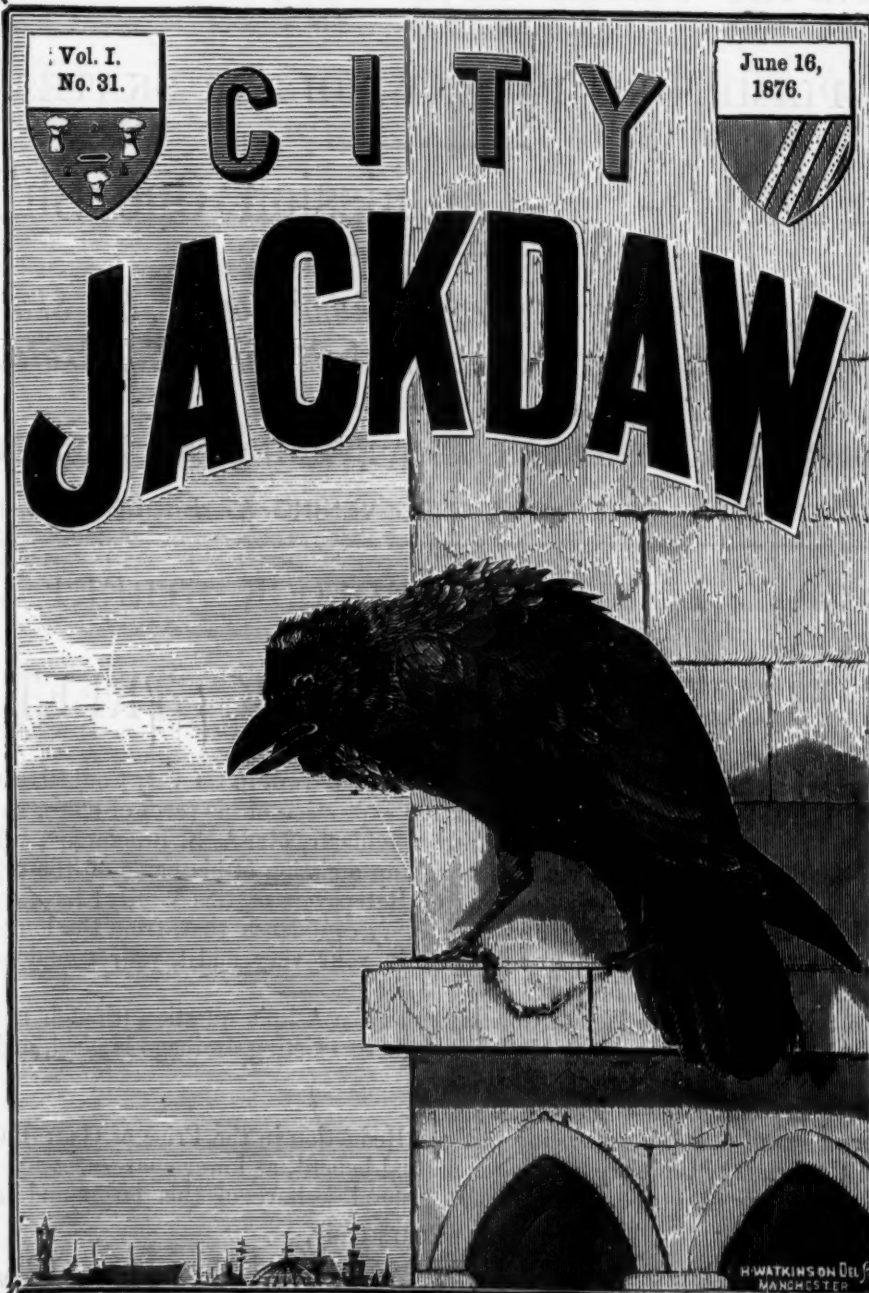
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BAND, THURSDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT BROUGHTON RINK.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—MEDLOCK STREET WARD.

To Fill the Vacancy caused through the death of Mr. John Marshall.

TO THE ELECTORS OF MEDLOCK STREET WARD

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The vacancy in the representation of Medlock Street Ward in the City Council, caused through the lamented death of Mr. John Marshall, so close upon the expiration of his term of office, has to be filled up.

It is with great regret that I find our esteemed neighbour, Mr. A. S. ROBERTSON, who had consented to be nominated, should be compelled to retire, through an omission of his name on the register.

At the urgent request of a very large number of Ratepayers of this Ward, I have consented to offer myself as a Candidate to fill this vacancy; and have every confidence that, from the long course of years that I have lived, worked, and been a fellow-ratepayer in your very midst, your confidence in me will, in return, be proved by your votes and support.

In respect to the action of the Health Committee on the Ashpit question (though now almost a foregone conclusion), I am decidedly against alterations where existing drainage is good, and thereby, in my opinion, far less nuisance than the new system.

I am strongly in favour of—

Interest on all Gas Deposits being paid; a Reduction in the Price of Gas; Public Baths to be in the hands of the Corporation for mutual benefit, at lower charges.

If elected, I will do my utmost to promote the general welfare of this large and influential ward.

Yours truly,

7, Upper Jackson Street, Hulme, June 8th, 1876.

ALFRED EVANS.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—MEDLOCK STREET WARD.

TO THE ELECTORS,—In consequence of my name not being on the Register of Voters for the city, I am not at present eligible for election to the City Council.

Thanking you for your promised support, which I trust you will now give to Mr. ALFRED EVANS, the Candidate nominated to take my place.—I remain, Ladies and Gentlemen, yours sincerely,
 Drayton Villas, Withington Road, Moss Side, June 9th, 1876.

A. S. ROBERTSON.

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swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcer-
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whatever cause arising.

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TENHAM, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.
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United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the
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presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own
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HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 31.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE "PICTURE" AT BELLE VUE.

THE social question of the summer holidays is closely akin to that which we are accustomed to bear after Christmas. "Have you seen the pantomime at the Prince's, or the Theatre Royal?" as the case may be. "Have you seen the picture at Belle Vue?" is the social cry after the Whit-week before families begin to pack up and depart for the seaside. The spectacle is one which has its interest, too, in regions far remote from Manchester and Salford. It is a matter of speculation among cheap-trippers from Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and North Lancashire and the teeming populations of the West Riding, and the enthusiastic and untiring sight-seers of North Wales, who get up at three o'clock one morning to travel by special slow express to Manchester, and leave the gardens after the fireworks on their return to their native mountains at the same hour next day. "Have you ever been to Manchester?" asked a pert young commercial of a Worcestershire farmer. "Manchester, na; isn't that somewheers Belle Vue way?" responded the local gossip.

We have seen the picture, not once, but twice, and still would go. At first sight of it we confess to a little disappointment. The far vista, and the changing colours on the distant hills, which have been our own familiar friends for many years, and used especially to delight us as the evening sun suffused the scene with its fitful dying glow, are this year absent. The marvellous skill of the Messrs. Danson in perspective has this year been expended upon lines of long and dusty streets, lined with soldiers and spectators. The picture, as seen by daylight, is filled with a hot and atmosphere. We almost feel the blistering effect of the sun's scorching rays on our cheeks, and our editorial throat, by a ready association of ideas, becomes parched. We turn instinctively to the refreshment bar, and cool our thirsty tongues with a pot of the unequalled Manning Belle Vue stout, brewed and bottled, we believe, on the premises. Deceived thereby, we promenade through the grounds, interested, instructed, and amused by their infinite variety, till the twilight deepens, and the dark shadows conceal the pictured outlines of Calcutta from our sight. It is a busy night, and the dancing platform is crowded with merry roysterers, who trip it feebly to the strains of the band. There is a rush to the platform, the cheaper spaces in which are already filled. Promoted by the socially representative of the proprietary to a higher place, we are put in the charge of a policeman, and "arranged" so that we shall have the best possible view of the picture, and be the last to escape, as we afterwards find to our cost, when the performance is over. By-and-by the space beneath us is packed with human beings as closely as sardines ought to be wedged in a box. We make this cautious reservation in our minds since our family grocer has lately sent us more than one shilling's worth of sardines in which an extra sardine might ingeniously have been concealed. The minutes seem hours to the impatient youngsters who accompany us as we sit there waiting for the performance to begin. At last the gloomy stillness of the picture is broken, and mysterious lighting footlights, which seem to spring magically from the water, reveal to us, in dim magnificence, the streets of palaces by which Messrs. Danson have chosen to represent Calcutta in its most imposing aspect. The action of the picture, as everybody now knows, is intended to represent the reception of the Prince of Wales, and so the fireworks take an appropriately festive outcome. A giant balloon emerges from the gloom, and ascends like a pale ghost to mid-air, where, at an immense height, it is consumed in flames, to the immense delight of our

youthful companions. Then fountains of coloured fire send their many-hued globules into the air, like a thousand Chinese jugglers tossing myriads of balls in unceasing play. Meanwhile, the picture is getting lit up, and the streets are filled with moving masses. Regiments of soldiers, British and native, parade the street to festive music—Rajahs, in all the brilliance of gorgeous attire and peacocks' feathers, troop along in picturesque disorder, mounted on elephants, real and sham—the latter so cleverly constructed as to puzzle the uninstructed observer which is the genuine article and which the imitation. Last of all enters the Prince of Wales, mounted on the huge, but docile, Maharajah. The procession over, darkness again settles over the scene, and the picture changes by a magic gradation to Calcutta by night. Nothing that we have ever seen at Belle Vue or elsewhere, we can honestly add, has surpassed this splendid effect of illumination. The principal buildings shine out in dazzling radiance, the dark gaps between serving to bring out the more vividly their noble and picturesque proportions. It is a charmed vision—a fairy dream—that realises all the glories a vivid imagination can summon up, suggested by the most gorgeous scene depicted in the "Arabian Nights." Would that it might linger longer is the wish of every observer among our delighted comrades. We grudge even the glorious rush of rockets, which mount on high, and scatter in myriad fragments of evanescent beauty over our heads, inasmuch as they break up the enchantment of the scene. The showers of strange fire that follow and usher in the elaborate device—a brilliant transparency enframing a portrait of the Prince of Wales in a dazzling setting, which closes with appropriate grandeur, beauty, and profuseness of display, what, to our thinking, is the finest show of fireworks ever produced at Belle Vue.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

RECOVERY.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

SING no more in doleful numbers,
Muse about digestion sad,
I could even eat cucumbers,
Nothing now for me is bad.
When my food tries my digestion
I no longer growl and whine—
Grumbling now is out of question,
For I chew it, not repine.
Nothing now to me amiss is,
Appetite no longer fails,
And the secret of my bliss is
That —

[This is too tedious.—ED.]

THE PRESBYTERIAN FUSION.

THOSE of our readers who enjoy the occasional advantage of eating haggis, and drinking toddy prepared from the real mountain dew, at the hospitable boards of Scotch friends, owe a deal of gratitude to the various Presbyterian bodies who have this week united themselves together at Liverpool. The unhappy divisions which have hitherto prevailed among Presbyterians have proved to the average Englishman a stumbling-block, and especially in Lancashire they have appeared to be foolishness. If we had written last week in an arduous attempt to explain the points of difference between E.P. and U.P., the title of this article must have been "The Presbyterian Confusion." Our friends have done wisely in changing their nomenclature, and enabling us to drop the prefix. May their union be happy!

WILLIAM HAY, Tailor, Breeches, and Habit Maker, 46, Cross Street, Manchester (Practical Partner of the late firm of TESTER & HAY, successors to G. FARNER). W. H. caters for pure Gentlemanly Taste in Make and Material. Such Suits in Real Scotch and Saxony Tweeds, from 65s.

MISS BECKER AT THE MAYOR'S DINNER.

SCENE.—The Mayor's reception-room, Thornfield, Heaton Mersey. The Mayor receiving the members of the School Board.

The Mayor. Well, Lamb, I'm awfully glad to see you. I suppose Miss Becker is sure to come?

Alderman Lamb. Why, I should think so; but she did say something about having some delicacy about accepting your invitation, for what was one lady among so many gentlemen? Besides, she was afraid Canon Toole and the Rev. Mr. Nunn would quarrel as to who should take her down to dinner.

The Mayor. Oh, indeed, is there some rivalry of that sort? Ah, well, we must try and arrange the matter. Holloa! what's this disturbance at the door?

Enter Miss BECKER, hurriedly.

Miss Becker. Oh, Mr. Mayor, do send for some police officers! They'll murder each other, I'm sure of it.

The Mayor. Murder! Good heavens! Miss Becker, what's the matter?

Miss Becker. Matter! Why, as I was coming out here in my own private carriage who should overtake me but Mr. Nunn and Canon Toole, and because I declined to be taken down to dinner by either, they commenced to quarrel—[sobs]—and—and they've gone to have it out in the nearest field.

The Mayor. Well, this is really dreadful.—[Aside]. Why on earth did I ever invite this happy family?

Enter Mr. O'REILLY.

Mr. O'Reilly. Ah, bedad, Mr. Mayor, you've got a foine place of it here. Miss Becker, I salute you, my darlin'. Be sure you don't promise to sit beside anybody but myself at dinner, or by my sowl, I'll commit murder! Ah, here's Dr. Watts. By the way, Doctor, do you think it would be proper at all, at all, for Miss Becker to sit at the table after the churchwardens and punch are brought in?

Dr. Watts. I really wouldn't like to answer the question; but here's Toole and Nunn, who are both rare toppers, will answer it for you.

Enter the two reverend gentlemen, looking uncommonly merry.

The Mayor. Why, my dear sirs, I was beginning to get alarmed about you. Miss Becker here said you had been into a field "to have it out."

Canon Toole. And, your worship, we enjoyed it immensely.

Rev. Mr. Nunn. Indeed, we did.

The Mayor. Pray explain yourself.

Canon Toole. Oh, that's easily done. Why, Nunn and I here tossed up that whichever of us could stand on our head longest in a field should take Miss Becker down to dinner.

Miss Becker. And who won?

Rev. Mr. Nunn. Both of us, for we both stood up so long that we got dry, and agreed to wash down our differences at the nearest—chapel.

Canon Toole. So, Miss Becker, give us an arm a piece, and let's go down to dinner.

THEATRICALS.

WITH nothing fresh to record in the dramatic world, gratitude is due to a couple of cats which appeared on the boards too late to afford us a paragraph last week. At the Royal, a cat was the cause of a peculiarly amusing episode. Mr. Compton, as "Fighting Bob," was inditing the celebrated challenge to *Beverley* when his facile features assumed an expression the like of which, did we not fear injury from excessive laughter, we should like to see again. A cat had intruded on the stage just in time to divert the attention of the audience from some of the best points of the play. The interruption was hardly more than momentary, as Mr. Compton, with extraordinary comic resource, managed to evoke roars of laughter, and the cat sneaked off discomfited, and scarcely noticed. The animal that appeared at the Prince's unfortunately brought down the house for want of some such strategy as that of Mr. Compton, and the audience, that ought to have been weeping at a fine piece of pathos on the part of Mr. Jefferson, were convulsed with laughter. Theatrical managers would do well unless there be a Compton in the stock company to lock up their cats during the performance.

THE PELICAN.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS is a curious sort of bird—
In fact, it has some ways absurd—
Just like a cow it chews the cud,
And builds its nest on banks of mud.

'Twas thus a friend; I answered, "Now,
How can a bird be like a cow?
Such parallels Dame Nature scorns—
You'll tell me next it has got horns."

My friend replied, "You need not shout
And contradict, but hear me out—
You may be right about the mud,"
Says I, "It cannot chew the cud."

"Contempt such statements are beneath,
For pelicans have got no teeth,"
Says I, "or any other bird,
As far as I have ever heard."

"The cases are not parallel,"
Says I; says he, "You go to —" well,
I will not mention what he said,
But substitute some word instead.

Says he, "I merely meant to state
That pelicans, at any rate,
Have got a way of bringing back
Their food into a sort of sack."

"It's situated underneath
Their beak—of course, they have no teeth;
I do abominate a foo——"
Says I, "I've seen them at the Zoo."

"Alive they bolt the little fish,"
Says he; says I, "Dear sir, I wish
You'd tell me what you mean by bolt;"
Says he, "You are a perfect dolt."

"They swallow little fish, I say,
When large ones are not in the way;
And if they were from fishes kept, I'll
Be bound to say they'd eat a reptile."

"And were the creatures short of prog,
I've little doubt they'd eat a frog——"
I interrupted, "But the sack,
Why should they make the food come back?"

Says he, "The yarn that I have strung
Leads up to that, 'tis for their young;"
Says I, "This really is too strong—
You're hoaxing me, just get along."

"I hate a man who tells such lies;"
"It's true as gospel," he replies;
Says I, "Then as you're in the mood,
How do those youngsters get that food?"

"The youngsters down the parents' throat——"
Says he; says I, "My friend, you dote,
Or something worse;" says he, "I don't,
Believe me, now," says I, "I won't."

Says he, "It's gospel, I declare;"
Says I, "Now, can you really swear
To this about the pelican?"
He promptly answered, "Well, I can."

"There's something else which tell I can,
Now I am on the pelican—
In places where there are no fish
The youngsters have another dish."

Says I, "What's that?" says he, "The gore,
Drawn from the breast;" says I, "No more,
You said the bird was like a cow,
And you are going to milk it now."

"This is too strong," says I, "the cud
The bird may chew, but as to blood,
Which from its breast the infants draw,
You really must believe me raw."

"But stay," he said; says I, "I've met
Some liars, but I never yet——"
Says he, "Our friendship now is o'er,
I'll never tell you stories more."

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. There is no aphorism which should be so carefully borne in mind by the poet as this. Indeed, it may be said with equal truth that there is only one step between religion and profanity, between the loyal zealot and the slavish snob. The verses which I am about to quote are a remarkable example of what I have advanced. They are clipped from a contemporary published last Friday, which, tradition says, is carried on on humorous and satirical principles. It is entitled

A WELCOME TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS RETURN FROM INDIA.

All hail to thee, most noble Prince,
Old England's future king;
Her God we thank for thy return,
And would thy welcome sing.

There is nothing especially bad in this first verse, indeed, the idea of making "Prince" rhyme with "return" is, under the circumstances, highly graceful and poetical. Let the poet proceed:—

In foreign lands and distant climes,
Where savage beast doth roam,
Old England's God hath led thee forth,
And safely brought thee home.

The question arises, which is Old England's god? is it Neptune, Mars, or Bacchus? We must search further for information, as the deity is very briefly mentioned in this remarkable production. Just as an exercise in versification, I will suggest, however, an amendment of that stanza, as follows:—

From foreign lands, where thou didst roam,
And savage beast did climb,
Old England's god, that took thee there,
Has brought thee in good time.

The grammar is rather confused, but this is purposely done by me so as to lead on gently to the next stanzas, of which the first is unfortunately deprived of both verb and nominative case, a calamity which somewhat detracts from this otherwise excellent scrap of poetry:—

And when in India's torrid land,
Among its hills and vales,
The people there did gladly sing
"God bless the Prince of Wales."

And so would we, with heart and voice,
A hearty welcome sing;
And pray that he may long be spared,
Who will be England's king.

The same remark applies in all its intensity to the second stanza quoted.

There only remains to comment on the last three stanzas:—

And when thy days on earth shall close—
Thy life have run its lease—
May England's God still be thy friend,
And grant thee lasting peace.

Thy children, too, we'd not forget,
And wife, to thee most dear;
But pray that they may ever grow
In God's most holy fear.

And when their sun and thine have set,
And sunk down in the west,
May they and thou be taken home,
For ever there to rest.

These, however, throw no light, after all, on the question of what deity is alluded to by the poet. Bacchus is certainly one of England's patrons, and, moreover, as the Prince has got back to us—but this is too horrible. In the last verse of all it appears that the Royal Family have got a special sum of their own, which, however, condescends to set in the west just like that which warms other mortals. The expression "for ever there to rest" admits of at least two interpretations. Looking superficially, one might suppose that the poet calls on the Prince, now he has got home, there—i.e., in the west—to stop there for ever, and never go to India or any other horrible place, where wild beasts roam and get shot with explo-

sive bullets from the backs of enormous elephants at a safe distance. Poetry, however, must not be judged from such a low standard. After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that the humorous and satirical bard means to express the joy he would feel if the Prince and the Royal Family could all be met some day in Heaven by a contributor to a local journal, whose chance of communing with great personages has probably been small. Doubtless the hope expressed will sooner or later be realised. It would be flat blasphemy on our part were we to refrain from saying so much; and all that this poet has to do is to lead a decent life down below, and vex his neighbours no more with the writing of bad verses, or, to quote another humorous and satirical expression contained in another article in the same sheet, on "how to avoid disease," he should "live cleanly, regularly, and moderately."

MY OLD CLAY.

I CANNOT smoke the old clay
That I have smoked so long—
I've smoked it now for many a day,
At last it's got too strong.
I eye that pipe with deep regret,
It cheered me long ago;
I love it as of yore, but yet
It is too strong, I know.
I know that if I smoke that clay
I shall regret the deed,
And yet to throw that pipe away
Would cause my heart to bleed.
My glance it lingers on the bowl,
But linger as it may,
However much it grieves my soul,
I cannot smoke that clay.
Its taste was sweet in years gone by,
'Twas neither foul nor strong;
Oh, is it thou, my pipe, or I
With whom there's something wrong?
It may be that the lapse of time
Has made me feel to-day
That now I'm getting older, I'm
Not wise to smoke that clay.
I do not like a new clay,
But something I must puff—
I smoked a new one yesterday,
The taste was vile and rough.
I cannot smoke the clay, alack,
I smoked in happier days,
It is too juicy and too black,
And so I smoke new clays.
Thus time asserts its power on men,
And also on their clays;
We're neither of us young as when
I smoked in ancient days.
The pipe that once I loved to smoke
Must now be thrown away;
I cannot, though my heart is broke,
I cannot smoke that clay.

THE MEDLOCK STREET WARD ELECTION.

WE hear that, the other day, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Evans, the two candidates for the representation of Medlock Street Ward, met in Hulme, and the following conversation took place:—

Mr. Cunningham. Why am I the most unsuitable man to represent the Tories of Hulme?

Mr. Evans. Why, because when you were in the Council last time, the only interests you represented were your own. Why am I the best man to represent the Liberals, and moderate Tories too?

Mr. Cunningham. I give it up.

Mr. Evans. If you don't send it to the *Jackdaw* I'll tell you. Why, because I've never broken a political promise yet, and I don't intend to. By-the-by, how goes the Duke of Edinburgh license? I'll give you just another poser. What is the difference between a publican and a teetotaler crossing a brook? Give it up? Ah, then, one waters the hops, and the other hops the water. Ta-ta! Suppose you'll congratulate me if I get a thousand majority.

Description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street. T. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT when the Bishop of Manchester, in preaching a charity sermon, said he would like to be a kitchen-maid, he had his eye on the coppers.

That the Bishop's laundress and gardener daily have a quarrel as to who shall wash his lordship's lawn.

That the Bishop's cook is giving his lordship lessons on gravy-ty in the pulpit.

That a starving curate's wife, with an eye to cookery and preserves, has written to ask the Bishop for a cure of soles.

That Mr. Larkins, who announces that he is about to start a school for cookery in Manchester, has asked Mr. Malcolm Ross for a recipe for Scotch collops.

That Mr. Ross collops'd upon hearing the inquiry.

That most of the betting-men who were not on the winner of the Manchester Cup, last week, are in Conseil-ment.

That the demand for refreshments at Manley Hall was so hot on Saturday last that one of the waitresses nearly jumped down a man's throat—to appease him.

That after the great meeting in Liverpool, it is all U.P. with the Presbyterians.

That after the renewed vitality of some Methodist bodies in Manchester, they are to be called Galvanistic.

That everybody who has bills coming due are going in for three days' Grace—at the Broughton cricket ground.

That Archdeacon Anson, who has just returned from Egypt, has brought back with him the sauce of the Nile.

That Mr. Cunningham is keeping open houses in Hulme, and standing for Medlock Street Ward.

That the betting is Evans on the return of his opponent.

That as the Mayor's invitations to dinner, on Wednesday evening, included the name of a well-known sporting magistrate—P. B. F.—the paragraphs in the newspapers ought to have been headed "Mayoral Horsepitality."

That it was too bad to ask him to carve the saddle, or to try a stirrup-cup on leaving.

THE BISHOP AS KITCHEN-MAID.

SCENE.—The kitchen at the Bishop of Manchester's house. The clock striking seven; the Bishop in his dressing-gown putting his head in at the kitchen-door.

The Bishop. Mary! Mary! Well, this is strange. Wherever can that kitchen-wench be? Hollon, the back-door's open! Well, I always said that her courting of that policeman would never come to good, and so I suppose she's eloped. Well, there's nothing for it but to get my own breakfast, as Jane has got rheumatics, and Thomas has gone for a holiday to see his grandmother in Berkshire. Thank heavens! there are no children to be taken out in a perambulator. Ah, here's Mary's apron; it's rather tight for my waist; I must be getting stouter a good deal than when I used to get up to light the fire in Berkshire. [*Proceeds to light the fire, and seating himself comfortably on a three-legged stool, blows up the embers with a pair of bellows.*] Well, now, this sort of life is very pleasant; far better than being a governess; far better than being a poor curate's wife. I think if I had ever been a girl, and had to work for my living, I'd have been a kitchen-maid. Plenty to eat; beer for luncheon; nobody to grumble at you; and a good kitchen to sit in—to say nothing of the perkwisites, as Mary calls 'em. [*Looking in a glass hanging on the kitchen-wall.*] And a smart kitchen-maid you would have made, James; why, you'd have broken the hearts of half of Captain Torren's best-looking constables, to say nothing of the milkmen, bakers, and butchers. And then what a tongue you would have had; why, you could have talked the legs off the gardener's wheelbarrow. Now, where on earth does Mary keep her coffee? Ah, here it is; the very smell of it does me good. Hollon! there's somebody coming through the back-door. Good gracious! if I'm caught in this plight it'll be all over Manchester.

A Voice. Milk below!

The Bishop. Well, I must dissemble. [*Raising his voice to a screech.*] Pass the milk in at the window, William, and be sure you look the other way, for I haven't got my back hair put up yet.

A Voice. Lawks a mussy, Mary, I always likes to see yer when your back hair's in kurl-papers. Just let's have one peep.

The Bishop. Get away, you naughty man; I shan't go to Belle Vue on Sunday with you if you talk in that way.

A Voice. And yer won't make eyes at the butcher?

The Bishop. Never again.

A Voice. And yer won't tell the Bishop if I put an extra drop of water in his milk?

The Bishop [*sotto voce*]. Hollon! here's a conspiracy. No, William, I won't; but do be off, for I've got the eggs on the fire, and they'll be boiled as hard as stones.

A Voice. All right.

The Bishop. Well, now, I'll just sit down and enjoy my breakfast, and think over my sermon for Broughton, in aid of the Warrington Training College. Oh, lor! here's cook coming down; she mustn't see me here or she'll want her wages raised at once.

MORAL.

We give the following extracts from the Bishop of Manchester's sermon, at Broughton, on Sunday last:—

"He did not covet a large income, but if he had a smaller income he should live more quietly, and he hoped he should be able to pay his way. . . . He remembered talking on that subject to a lady who was above all the wretched conventionalities of modern life, and she told him of the case of a poor clergyman who had been rash enough to involve himself in the responsibility of a wife and family, and who could hardly maintain his proper position; for though sometimes he was able to hire a charwoman, his wife had to do the washing, and the baking, and the cooking, and all those sort of things. The wealthy neighbours who had large incomes thought it an indignity that the clergyman's wife should

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

take the bread or make the beds; and so, forsooth, they would have wished a curate, with £120 a year, to keep two or three maidservants. . . . If a clergyman went out to Australia, or Africa, his wife and he would have to do all those things, and there would be no disgrace in them; but here, in Salford, or Manchester, or Higher Broughton, it would be considered a degradation to see a clergyman's wife taking out her children in a perambulator, and to hear that she must be home by eleven o'clock to get her husband's dinner ready. . . . He confessed, if he were a girl, he would rather be a kitchen-maid than have a pension of £20 a year doled out by a diocesan society."

THE SULTAN AND HIS VIZIER: A MUSSULMAN LEGEND.

Air: "Vilkins and his Dinah."

OH, it's of an old Sultan as now is no more,
Who'd treasure in millions and wives by the score,
Who ruled o'er the Turks, and in Europe did dwell,
And was in his time a most uncommon big swell.
Singing Allah Illallah Bismillah foll loll.

Now, he was too fond of his treasure and wives,
And his subjects were nothing to him, nor their lives;
And he says, says the Sultan, as long as I'm free
To do just as I like, what's my subjects to me?
With his Allah Illallah, etc.

Now, the Sultan had a Vizier to do his behests,
And help spend the money as silly folks invests,
Which went to uphold this luxurious old gent,
And paid to the leaders a'most nothing per cent.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

The Sultan, he says to his Vizier one day,
Go seek me my hankercher, I'm going out to pray,
And if supper aint aready by the time I come back,
By Allah, I'll give all my Harem the sack.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Now, the Vizier was all of a tremble with fear,
For he knew that the plot to fulfilment was near—
That he and some others had hatched to get rid
Of this tiresome old gent, which they finally did.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

So he said, let your Highness's will be obeyed,
But your prayers must I fear for a time be delayed,
Or at least you can say them at home if you likes,
For the palace is surrounded with carbines and pikes.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Oh, villian! oh, villian! the Sultan did cry,
At least I will settle your hash ere I die.
We doesn't want to kill you, the Vizier replied,
If but by our counsel your Highness abide.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

We only desire you to give up your throne,
And the treasures which, arter all, are ours, not your own.
Oh, let me, dear Vizier, to my wives say good-bye,
And I'll do what you ask me to do cheerful-ly.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Oh, no, said the Vizier, we cannot do so,
Just sign this here docyment and away you must go;
You may think yourself lucky we give you your life,
Without agoing to slobber o'er each favourite wife.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Then quick the new Sultan was placed on the throne,
And Abdul in prison he languished alone,
And the Moslems and Christians with joy were so glad—
A stranger might have thought that those Moslems were mad.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Now, the Sultan not long in that prison had lain
Before that he saw his false Vizier again
With a sharp pair of scissiors which gleamed in his hand,
And the captive his purpose he did not understand.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Oh, Vizier, dear Vizier, oh, how do you do?
And who are these comrades you're bringing with you?
Says the Vizier, our purpose it's useless to hide
For the fates has decreed as you must suicide.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Oh, Vizier, dear Vizier, you don't really mean —
Look here, said the Vizier, do you see any green?
It ain't a bit of use now appealing to me,
For the nicest and easiest of deaths it will be.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Just look at these scissiors and banish alarm—
These scissiors shall open a vein in your arm,
And so by your own hand you'll valiantly die,
And it ain't a bit of use now for help for to cry.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

But as it's a difficult feat for to do,
We're here some assistance to give unto you,
You shall have the same credit, I give you my word,
As if unassisted your death had occurred.
Singing Allah Illallah, etc.

Next morning the Sultan a corpse he was found,
And the blood from his forearm it stained all the ground,
And a pair of sharp scissiors that lay by his side
Was a proof most convincing of how he had died.
With his Allah Illallah Bismillah foll loll.

MORAL.

Now, all you proud Sultians take warning by this,
And take not, oh, Viziers, this story amiss;
May all Moslem rulers commit suicide,
With a Vizier to help them, like Abdul as died.
Singing Allah Illallah Bismillah foll loll.

MANCHESTER TABLE TALK.

ON the steps of the old Town Hall, a day or two ago, Alderman Baker, who was in a rather pedantic mood, quoted from Young's "Night Thoughts"—"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." "Then," feelingly exclaimed Councillor Griffin, looking across at some of his Radical friends, "there's hope for some city councillors yet."

Mr. Malcolm Ross was returning from one of the nightly gatherings of the Scotch Club when something must have been the matter with his een, for he was heard whispering to the Town Clerk, who he had persuaded to accompany him—

"I saw the new moon late yestereen,
Wi' the aud moon in her arms."

"More shame for her," said Sir Joseph, winking at the nearest policeman.

The bootmakers of Manchester are out on strike for what they consider their rights. Sydney Smith seems to have had a weak side for them, for in no less a place than the *Edinburgh Review* he remarked, "All honest men, whether counts or cobblers, are of the same rank, if classed by moral distinctions." This, no doubt, justifies the cobblers' motto, "The sole's the standard of the man."

Mr. Aronsberg has at last found a motto which suits him in Trumbull's "M'Fingall":—

"But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen."

One of the 'bus guards of the Manchester Carriage Company, who had been encouraged, we dare not say by whom, to charge most exorbitant fares for the carriage of strangers in Manchester from the city to places of amusement in the district, during Whit-week, was heard on Whit-Monday quoting from a well-known Manchester rhymster:—

"He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all."

Every tramp who goes to the Manchester Workhouse has to be washed before he's allowed a night's rest. God help some of the poor wretches, for they seem to have wandered far. One of them left the following (which he says he saw written on a window in Scotland) with the work-house master on Whit-Monday:—

"Use 'em kindly, they rebel,
But be as rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well."

The attendance at Manley Hall on Saturday is a thing to be remembered. The caterer was almost eaten out of house and home at three

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

o'clock, and only twenty dozen of lemonade and two buns were left at that time to feed a hungry public with. A well-known Roman Catholic parson, who was present, knocked one of the waitresses over on seeing the provender with "Oh, monstrous! but one halfpenny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack."

"Milton never," says a cotton-spinning friend of ours, "dined at the Manchester Exchange Limited, nor had any experience of the waitresses, or he would not have said—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

The Secretary of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway is our authority for the following:—Mr. Monckton Milnes, the poet (now Lord Houghton), is a director of that Company. Somebody on the board, the other day, objected to the poet writing so few verses now, and occupying so much of the directors' time in discussing—shop. Lord Houghton silenced the board all round with a neat little quotation from *Reynolds'* "Dramatist": "Consider, I am a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk."

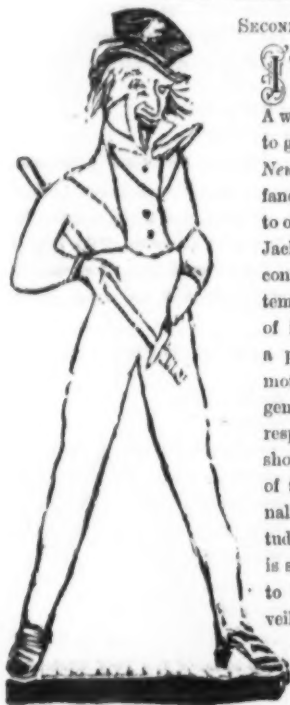
Councillor Harwood has in his employ a painter with a fine sense of humour. He was married at the Cathedral one day last week, and on taking his bride up to his house at Cheetham Hill—having recently been reading Mr. Ben Brierley—he burst forth:—

"Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee—listen!"

And he called out for a whitening brush, and at once proceeded to white-wash the ceilings, his landlord having previously declined to do any of the beautifying.

THE "AMERICAN NEWS."

SECOND NOTICE.



IT is enough to make us vow never to do a good-natured action any more. A week or two ago, we went out of our way to give a lift to the editor of the *American News*, and in return he devotes—only fancy—a special leading article in big type to our vilification. He calls us the "Sooty Jackdaw," says that we are "beneath contempt," and speaks of us as "a contemptible print, without principle, devoid of intelligence, wanting in courtesy, and a perfect stranger to those honourable motives which evince the conduct of gentlemen, and which invariably actuates respectable journalists." Now, what we should like to know is, is this a specimen of the manner in which American journalists are in the habit of evincing gratitude? or can it be possible that the editor is such an indiscriminating journalist as to have mistaken our good nature for veiled satire? We have carefully looked over our last article, and cannot even now see a particle of offence in it. It is clear, however, that the editor of the

American News suspects head-breaking intentions in our precious balms. We can only assure him that he is wrong. One gleam of dubious light does break on us. The *American News* says that our ill-fated effort at being good-natured was "a surreptitious attack on our esteemed and respectable contemporary, the *Courier*," and "feels assured that a good sound whipping," administered by the editor of that organ, "will conclude the business." The eight weeks old precocity, which speaks of the

Courier as an "esteemed and respectable contemporary," suggests to us that possibly the editor of the *American News* and of the *Courier* may be one and the same—but no, this is too preposterous. We confess ourselves mystified, awaiting, however, any further castigation, physical or otherwise, which our ill-judged kindness may bring upon us with meek submissiveness.

THE "OLD FOGIE" IN AUSTRALIA.

DRIVING BULLOCKS.

"I HAVE no employment for you,"
Was the answer of a planter
When I asked him for employment;
"I have got no work to give you,
For I see by your appearance
You are not a bullock-driver,
Otherwise I might have hired you."
And his looks were supercilious—
With disdainful looks he eyed me—
And I said, "You are mistaken,
For this branch of agriculture
Is the very one I'm skilled in;
There's, in fact, no occupation
Which could be more suited to me
Than the one which you have mentioned."
Then he said, "The situation
Has been changed by what you've told me,
You shall drive my bullocks for me,
You shall yoke them up together,
You shall drive the cart to market
Full of vegetable produce."
Now, I scarcely need to tell you
That the art of driving bullocks,
And of yoking them together,
Unfamiliar was unto me,
Save that I had watched the method
Which was usually adopted
By experienced professors
Of the bullock-driving science.
But one morning out I sallied
Early, when the sun was rising,
On a horse to find the bullocks
Which were grazing in the Bushland,
And I tracked them and I found them,
Four of them were all I wanted,
And I drove them—most reluctant
To be driven, and rebelling,
Often attempting to escape, and
Dashing off among the tree-trunks,
And pursued by me on horseback—
Till I brought them where the cart was,
And I set to work to yoke them
In my own untutored fashion.
Now, the cunning beasts discovered,
By the way in which I handled
The accustomed apparatus
For the yoking them together,
That they must have got to do with
Some one they could have a lark with,
And they much preferred this larking
To the drawing of the cart which
Stood prepared for their reception.
When I had them all together,
And the bows and yokes were ready
To be placed upon their shoulders,
Suddenly, as if by impulse,
Scattered to the winds of Heaven,
One direction for each bullock
Off they scampered to the Bushland,
And I mounted and pursued them
In a most laborious fashion,
And the old horse he enjoyed it,
Found it pleasanter than I did
As we hunted those four bullocks,
Brought them skilfully together,
And reduced them to submission
By the cracking of a stock-whip,
Which, although I meant to hurt them,
Did not seem to cause them any
Pain or other inconvenience,
For they really seemed to like it.
Then again the apparatus
Cautiously I seized, dismounting

With one eye upon the bullocks,
 And one hand upon the bridle,
 And the horse's great brown eyes were
 Fixed upon me with amusement
 As he gravely scanned my doings,
 And I thought that I had got them,
 But again their larks resuming,
 Off they started as aforetime—
 Each a different way they scampered
 With an unconcealed enjoyment
 Of the rigs that they were playing;
 And again I went to chase them,
 And as soon as I had got them,
 And that they had got their breath back,
 They were off again, *da capo*,
 Till the sun was hot and burning,
 And my horse perspired and panted,
 And my voice was hoarse with cursing—
 For, in passing, I may mention,
 I may mention, I may tell you
 That this execrable habit—
 To the habit, I'm alluding,
 Of the use of oaths and curses—
 Is considered in Australia
 But a harmless sort of custom,
 Which enables men and women
 To relieve their pent-up feelings
 When the force of circumstances,
 As will happen very often,
 Causes them to swell with passion,
 Which if they did not give vent to
 Would assuredly be hurtful.
 Now, the sun, as I have mentioned,
 Had been growing hot and hotter,
 Till the heat was simply scorching,
 And the bullocks, for diversion,
 Thought that they would change their tactics,
 And were patient of a sudden,
 And I put the yokes upon them
 Gladly, two and two together,
 For I thought that all was ended;
 But no sooner had I yoked them
 In my own untutored fashion,
 And I tried to put the chain on
 Which should join the four together
 To the cart-pole, and complete the
 Process which so long had taken,
 When again the bullocks bolted,
 Now in only two directions,
 And they galloped and they wriggled,
 All awry the yokes were twisted,
 And one couple, in their antics,
 Tumbled on the ground and lay there,
 And the other got entangled
 In between two trees which grew there,
 And the thought occurred to me that
 They would break their necks or strangle,
 So on foot I went towards them
 In a sort of desperation
 And a frame of mind unhappy,
 Cursing everything around me,
 When I was aware of footsteps,
 And I turned and saw that planter,
 And he said, "You've got back early,
 You are very expeditious,
 I am very glad I hired you,
 For the last man was a duffer."
 Then his eye fell on the bullocks,
 And he gently gazed around him
 With a dawning faint conception
 Of the horrid situation,
 And the sun was hot upon him,
 And my heart was faint within me,
 And the horse was in a lather,
 And the bullocks they were strangling.

Space and inclination fail me
 To continue the narration,
 But I shortly left that station.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—*Stationer* [to *Young Lady Customer*]: Can I show you some scraps for screens, miss? We have just got a new stock in.—*Young Lady Customer* [slyly]: No, thanks. But if you have any "screens for scrapes" I can give you a large order, and bring you a lot of customers.

MY HOLIDAYS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

IN all the year there is no time so dull and dreary to my mind as the season which is now happily over. I hope I am not selfish, but I have not yet arrived at that stage of Christian kindness that I can be reconciled to being miserable because other people are enjoying themselves. When my place of business and other familiar haunts are closed to me, as they were last week for a day or two, I am in truth a miserable man. To show how miserable, I will note my experiences on last Friday, merely remarking that no man in his senses would think of going into the country at Whitsuntide, unless he could afford to go fifty or sixty miles away to avoid mobs and snobs and caravans of children.

I did not feel anything special the matter with me until I had smoked my pipe after breakfast, but during the process the horrid truth began to dawn on me that I had a whole day before me with nothing to do. It was no use going to town before noon at all events, and even then there was nothing to get by going, so I started to read, and tried to stay as long as I could where I was. I had not been reading more than ten minutes when the slavey came out into a little desolate waste patch of ground between my window and the pavement, and began to prowling about, with one eye upon me and the other upon the milkman. At last she got up on to the window-sill, and began to rub the glass with a cloth, and smile recognition upon me, while a mob of rude boys behind peeped at her legs and made faces. When this had lasted half an hour she went into the house, and began to scutter around in the passage, and twist the handle of the door viciously, as if she were wringing the neck off an enemy. Once I cried, "Come in!" and she poked her head in and snivelled, and slammed the door without further explanation. She must have gone upstairs after that, for presently I heard a noise as buckets or coal-scuttles being thrown down that staircase, and after awhile there was a revolution in the bedroom, and if that bed did not turn a somersault I do not know how to account for the noise. After that there was silence for awhile, and then a sound as of scuttling and conspiring between a dust-pan and a brush, and the slavey poked in her head without snivelling this time, and said, "Missus wants to know, sir, if you be a going to stop here all day?" Then I was aware of the horrible truth—it was cleaning-day! I knew that Mrs. Clarkson would stand no parley on this point as, though obliging on other days, she is a she-dragon on cleaning-days, so out I went into the desolate town sooner than face the abomination of sitting on a bed or strolling in the backyard, where the washed linen flapped in ghastly company with a lonely waterbutt and an empty dog-kennel. I went and prowled around in various streets, entered several public-houses in hope of meeting some companion in misery, and paid for several drinks which I left untouched, dreading premature intoxication. It was a curious thing that half the people in town seemed to be drunk that morning, but the public-houses were all empty, and all the publicans complaining of doing no business. Pondering over this, I walked homewards at about one o'clock, for my favourite dining-place was ruthlessly closed in accordance with the barbarous and uncivilised custom prevailing. I say that over this I pondered, but I forgot not to purchase a quarter of a pound of corned boiled beef to eat for lunch. I said to the man, "Well done, if you please," and he said to me, "If you want a quarter of this here beef you must take it as it comes," and he wouldn't give me any fat. Holidays again! The regular man who knew me was off somewhere. I gnashed my teeth as I devoured that beef in solitude, washing it down with bad porter, because the usual place was shut up. After that I tried to read again, but took to looking out of the window. A drunken man came along, very drunk, and with a wooden leg. He embraced the lamp-post opposite the window, and gyrated round it among the yells of the crowd. I hate crowds outside my window. The man continues to gyrate and slobber, and I draw the blind down,

fall to reading, and falling to sleep dream that my holiday is over. I awake with an intensity which makes me feel worse than ever. I am smitten with restlessness, yet know not where to go. I resolve to commit myself to the first 'bus, wherever bound, which I can catch. I walk down to Market Street, and am carried by the fates to Belle Vue. The day is horribly dull. It begins to rain. I mope among those pleasure-seekers and wild animals without an umbrella. Long before the fireworks have been let off I feel myself a miserable wretch, crawling between heaven and earth. I get home, drink four glasses of grog, smoke fourteen pipes, and begin to feel better. I go to bed full of joy and whiskey. There is one holiday over, at all events; and I can only say that my only complacent idea with regard to Whitsuntide is that it only comes once a year.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

[BY A NOVICE.]

WHenever the weather is specially bad
I always have noticed that some one will find
An excuse for vagaries that render me sad,
And often are driving me out of my mind;
For when I do nothing but growl and complain
At the cold, and the clouds, and the pitiless rain,
My complaint the remark with apology stops—
That the weather's remarkably good for the crops.
I cannot digest when the weather is foul,
My sleep is perturbed, and my appetite lost;
When I wake in the morning I feel like an owl,
For the weather is bad, as I know to my cost;
But I'm sure to encounter a friend, who will say,
"For the crops it is beautiful weather to-day,
The beans in my garden this weather enjoy,
And it's capital weather for turnips, my boy."
When I wander forlorn in the street, and the wind
Is bitterly driving its blasts in my face
(If it doesn't do that still it chills me behind),
I shrug up my shoulders and pull a grimace;
For the first of my friends who accosts me has got
In the suburbs a small agricultural plot,
And he says we could do with a little less sleet,
But it's capital weather—at least, for the wheat.
Now, I do not think of the crops when I shiver,
When the weather is bad I am apt to be ill;
I can only reflect that the state of my liver
Requires me to swallow an extra blue pill.
I go to the doctor, he gives me a mixture,
And then for a day in the house I'm a fixture;
I can't be consoled, as I swallow my slops,
By the thought that the weather is good for the crops.

ANOTHER NEW MODE OF ADVERTISING.



MR. R. S. YATES, of Sale, must be a most unfortunate man. On Friday afternoon last, a party (who is known) went into his nursery-grounds, at Sale, and stole a plant of *Asplenium Adriantum Nigrum*. Mr. Yates would have given the party a plant of the above if he had only told him he intended to steal it, but as the particular plant in question was a speciality, Mr. Yates advertises to say that he hopes the party will send it back by parcel. Otherwise (ominous), "R. S. Yates begs to give notice that should such a recurrence take place he will close his grounds against all except purchasers, and these he will only admit—if they have muzzles on, and are willing to be accompanied through the grounds by a salesman." Now, why on earth Mr. Yates should have taken so much trouble to alarm the general public by this formidable advertisement, we cannot for the life of us suspect. He knows the party who took the plant. Why doesn't he, then, put the blame on the right shoulders, or call his plants by some less difficult names, so that people may find out what they are without

taking them home? At any rate, let us implore Mr. Yates not to be so merciless as to close his earthly paradise at Sale. If he will continue to admit the public to it, why, we will sympathise with him when he rushes into print to denounce somebody, who is known, for carrying off something which Mr. Yates would have given him if he had only asked for it. By the way, Mr. Yates, haven't you to advertise in the same style every year? It's shameful that you should be put to such expense.

DOGGREL ON BUCKSTONE.

A THEATRICAL event in London, last week, drew from Mr. H. J. Byron, of burlesque reputation, some verses, of which the sample quoted below is a very fair specimen:—

As years roll by—and, gracious, how they do roll!—
And we behold some actor in a new rôle
Who takes the town by storm, or see some play
That seems to run for ever and a day:
Too apt's the fickle public to ignore
Those who worked hard for them in days of yore,
Whilst they unstinted approbation shower
Upon the lucky favourite of the hour!
But some there are "who leave"—to quote the rhyme
Of Longfellow—"upon the sands of Time
Their footprints" (with my theme it more accords
To say, leave their impression on the boards);
Whose names, when life's green curtain falls at last,
Recall bright, cheery memories of the past.
To-day we meet to honour one of these,
Who half a century has lived to please.

The person alluded to is the veteran comedian, and most pleasant artist and gentleman, Mr. J. B. Buckstone; and the verses were recited by Mrs. Keeley on the occasion of a complimentary benefit given to the popular Haymarket favourite.

From the straightforward path he never wandered,
And to his honour be it! never pandered
To any passing low taste of the town;
He never kept a brother artist down,
Nor chopped and changed them, as some others do—
Beneath his flag he kept his trusty crew,
And, as a well-bred individual should,
Kept always "the best company" he could.
So in each phase, as minister of mirth,
He's won your suffrages by honest worth;
For in his plays and playing do we find
The wholesome laugh that leaves no sting behind.
And so, as Rip Van Winkle's greeting is,
"Here is his good health and his family's,
May he live long and prosper!" and may cheers
Greet his appearance here for many years.

Shades of Douglas Jerrold, Kenn, and Eliston, has it come to this? Could there not in the broad realms of modern English literature be found a bard competent to turn out a decent copy of verses on a great representative occasion before a cultivated and artistic audience? In our mind's eye, we can see Mrs. Keeley stumbling over the doggrel lines, and trying in vain to redeem them from the Byronic depths of most inane pantomime. We can fancy the brave Buckstone listening to the atrocious stave with an ill-concealed queer humour, and striving to make the best-natured reply possible under the circumstances. There is a lot more of it in the newspaper report, but to the honour of the press it may be mentioned that if the production has not been harshly criticised, no journal has been hardy enough to do more than reproduce those lines of abominable doggrel without a word of comment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.
Sunday at Northenden, W.S.—Declined, with thanks for the offer. The notice above notwithstanding, we will return the manuscript.
An Unwarrantable Blow.—Yes; but it was warranted to fetch blood, though.
A Matter of Fact.—The fact of the matter is, that the question is devoid of interest.
What a Little Bird Says.—Do not pay attention to the cackling of goslings.
Blunderbus.—Shoot your dry rubbish elsewhere.
A Railway Grievance.—This is not the proper quarter. Our readers would be as aggrieved as you are.
Trade of Lancashire.—There is one trade which never languishes, and that is the waste-paper trade.
Kinder Scout.—The proprietors pay for their rights, and are quite justified in scolding any such proposal. Were you in their position, you would probably not be kinder.

SALE of a Bankrupt Manufacturer's STOCK of Ladies and Gent's DRESSING CASES, Purses, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Wallets, Letter Cases, Writing Desks, in mahogany, oak, and mahogany, at half the maker's cost, for ten days only, at BOHANNA'S, Stationers, 98, Market Street.

WILSON STREET CARRIAGE WORKS,
STOCKPORT ROAD, ARDWICK.

JOSEPH SHAW,

Late Foreman to Messrs. Cockshott and Co.,

HAS ON SALE, NEW MEDIUM BROUGHAM;
ALSO REVERSIBLE WAGONETTE, FITTED WITH BRAKE,
AND OTHER CARRIAGES.

W. BATTY & SON,
WATCHMAKERS, GOLDSMITHS, &c.,
9, MARKET STREET,

ARE MAKING A

Grand Display this week of Prize Cups and Prizes
FOR THE
AMATEUR ATHLETIC GATHERING AT MANLEY PARK,
On the 17th and 19th instant.

W. B. & S. ARE THE ONLY FIRM AUTHORISED TO SUPPLY THE PRIZES.

ASHWORTH & PENFOLD,
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS,
HOUSEHOLD LINEN AND BLANKET WAREHOUSE.

Sole Manufacturers of the Patent Diamond Spring Mattress and the Universal Spring-seated Invalid Couch.

20, CANNON STREET, AND 39, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

FIVE PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO
GOODALL'S
 World-renowned
HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.

A SINGLE TRIAL SOLICITED.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.



The cheapest because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives. Makes delicious Puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without Yeast.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

THE CELEBRATED
YORKSHIRE RELISH.



This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest viands palatable, and the daintiest dishes more delicious. To Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c., it is incomparable.—Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.



The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c., &c. Restores delicate invalids to strength and vigour. Sold by Chemists, Grocers, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1/2, 2s., and 2s. 3d. each Bottle. Prepared by

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

DR. HASSALL'S FOOD,

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, AND INVALIDS.

DR. ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. recommends this as the best and most nourishing of all Infants' and Invalids' Foods which have hitherto been brought before the public; it contains every requisite for the full and healthy support and development of the body, and is, to a considerable extent, self-digestible. Recommended by the medical press and faculty.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, &c., in Tins, at 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

A Treatise, by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., on the Alimentation of Infants, Children, and Invalids, can be had, post free, on application to the Manufacturers,

Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

TRADE MARK



**NUTTALL'S
 PATENT STOMACH & LIVER PILLS**

SHOULD BE USED BY EVERYBODY, BECAUSE THOUSANDS CAN TESTIFY TO THEIR INVALUABLE QUALITIES AS THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE KNOWN

For Indigestion, Pain in the Stomach, as fullness after meals, Faintness, Heartburn, Consumption, Gravel, Full Breaths, Loss of Appetite, Scoury, Blisters of the Skin, Headache, Lowness of Spirits. In every case where they are fairly tried they will remove the most obstinate complaints. Sold by all Chemists throughout the world, in boxes, 9d., 1s. 1/2, and 2s. 6d. each. Sole Proprietors: C. Nuttall and Sons, Bacup, Lancashire.—N.B. Ask your Chemist for Nuttall's Vegetable Patent Stomach and Liver Pills.

"PARAGON,"
FRAGRANT LIQUID DENTRIFICE

Makes the teeth beautifully white, sweetens the breath, and produces a pleasant froth in the mouth. One trial of this delicious dentrifice will ensure permanent patronage.

Powders and Pastes should be avoided, as they scratch the enamel, and cause the teeth to decay.

Opinion of the Press on the "PARAGON"—The *Figaro* says: "Possesses many valuable qualities . . . and cleanses and whitens the teeth while preventing discoloration and the accumulation of Tartar." The *Court Journal* says: "Its excellent flavour cannot fail to please . . . and should meet with extensive patronage from the elite."

Sold in bottles, at 1s. and 2s. 6d., by chemists and perfumers throughout the world. Sole Proprietor, J. H. DOWN, 91, Wigmore Street London W.

NO MOTHER SHOULD BE WITHOUT

Dr. Green's Teething Powders.

A certain preventive against convulsions, inflammation of the gums, fevers, &c., &c. Prepared from the receipt of Dr. John Green, M.B.C.S.E., late parochial surgeon and public vaccinator under the Government Poor Law Board.

To be had in packages, free by post, at 1s. 1/2 each, on receipt of stamps, of the sole proprietors,

CHAPMAN & COMPANY,

**41, SELBY STREET, NEWINGTON,
 HULL.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED IN A FEW MINUTES, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

FIFTEEN years' trial has proved the efficacy of this preparation for the immediate removal and destroying superfluous hair on the face, arms, and neck, without the least pain or injury to the skin; price 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; family bottles, 10s. 6d.—LUXURANT HAIR, EYEBROWS, and WHISKERS produced in a few weeks by the use of the well-known HAIR PRODUCER. Price 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.; sent free, with directions. Wholesale Agents: Barclay and Sons, London; Baines and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; Blanchard and Co., York; Oldham and Co., Dublin. Retail of all respectable Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers, and Patent Medicine Vendors. The above preparations are prepared solely by JOHN BLAKE, 8, Maitmore Square, Park Road, Peckham, London.

RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.—Dr. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age, effecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot fail to be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London.—Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured, and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss. F. W."—"Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance. Miss S."—"A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by my surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P."—"My rupture being 28 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure. E. L."—"I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy. Mrs. H."—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea.

D Y S P M A N I A
 (Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc. states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown to her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. S.—S— writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and for weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with Dr. HEYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.—Beaumont House, Torre, Torquay.

THE "CITY MAGPIE" SAYS
**IT IS AS PLAIN AS
 ABC AS
 EVERYBODY**

In the United Kingdom, who wishes to see the Past, Present, and Future, must look immediately, carefully, and deliberately, and attentively into

THE **MAGIC MIRROR** THE
 Marvel of the Age. Sent free to any address, on receipt of six stamps. Address—"MAGIC MIRROR" Office, 540, Commercial Street, Sheffield.—Thirty Thousand Sold in Seven Months. Established 1830.

NO MORE LEAD AND POISONOUS RESTORERS.

LINEHAM'S REGISTERED WORLD'S HAIR DRESSING BALM. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
LINEHAM'S BRITISH EXCELSIOR GREY HAIR REGENERATOR. 2s. 6d.
LINEHAM'S INSTANTANEOUS GREY WHISKER and HAIR DYE. 2s. 6d.

May be obtained through any Chemist or Perfumer.

RUPTURES.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS



Is allowed by upwards of 500 medical men to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the truss, which cannot fail to fit, forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, 2in. below hips, being sent to the

MANUFACTURER,

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d., postage free. Price of Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d., postage free. Price of Unilateral Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d., postage free. Post-office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS, VARICOSE VEINS, &c. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each, postage free.

CHEST EXPANDING BRACES
 (FOR BOTH SEXES).

For Gentlemen they act as a substitute for the ordinary braces. For Children they are invaluable; they prevent stooping, and preserve the symmetry of the chest. Prices for Children, 6s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Adults, 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., and 21s. each, postage free.

**J. White, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly,
 LONDON.**

**PAGE WOODCOCK'S
 WIND PILLS**

GOOD for the cure of WIND ON THE STOMACH
 GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION
 GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE
 GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN
 GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS
 GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS
 GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS arising from a disordered state of the STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.

They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in Boxes at 1s. 1/2, 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or should any difficulty occur, enclose 14, 33, or 54 stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, "Lincoln House," St. Faith's, NORWICH (formerly of Lincoln), and they will be sent free by return of post.

WELLS' SPECIALITIES.

CORNS.

THE pain relieved in a few minutes, and the Roots effectually removed in a few hours without pain or inconvenience. Send addressed envelope for particulars.

TURKISH FACE POWDER.

A BEAUTIFUL PREPARATION for removing Spots, Pimples, Sunburns, Freckles, &c., rendering the Complexion beautifully transparent, and the Skin delicately soft. Warranted to contain nothing injurious. Send an addressed envelope.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY, the only effectual remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of Superfluous Hair from the Face, Arms, Neck, &c. This Preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin.

Full particulars on receipt of directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, No. 6, Great Russell Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

N.B.—Hundreds of Testimonials have been received from the Nobility and Ladies of Rank, who have tried this marvellous remedy.

IMPORTANT TO WHISKEY CONNOISSEURS.

THE FINEST SCOTCH WHISKEY IN ENGLAND IS THE
"CAIRNGORM,"
 WHICH FOR STRENGTH, PURITY, AND EXQUISITE AROMA, STANDS UNRIVALLED.

To Scotchmen, and those to whom Whiskey is a favourite beverage, the above-named magnificent spirit must commend itself as the finest specimen of Scottish Malt ever imported into this country, and is entirely free from that smoky flavour which is so objectionable to many.

The Importers, Messrs. HENDERSON & JONES, would also call attention to the fact that the Medical Faculty are recommending and prescribing pure Scotch Whiskey in lieu of French Brandy as a stimulant for invalids, for which purpose the "CAIRNGORM" cannot be excelled.

Sample Bottles, at 8s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the Stores, Macdonald's Buildings, Macdonald's Lane, 35, Corporation Street, Manchester, where orders are received for cases containing from one gallon upwards. May be had from all respectable Licensed Grocers.

TEETH AND PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

GRAND AND VALUABLE INVENTION BY MR. ALFRED DAVIS,
 DENTAL SURGEON, IN THE ADAPTATION OF ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The merits of this invention will be readily appreciated. A soft elastic gum attaches the teeth firmly in the mouth without a wire, spring, or any operation. By the flexibility of this gum, mastication and articulation are thoroughly fulfilled, without causing the slightest soreness or irritation, while the original expression of the face is perfectly restored.

A SINGLE TOOTH FROM 5s.; A SET, £5; STOPPING WITH WHITE PEARL ENAMEL, 2s. 6d.

Attendance Daily at 105, PICCADILLY, Three Doors from the London-road Station, Manchester. Established 25 Years.

THE MECHANICAL OPERATION OF SCALING TEETH SUPERSEDED.

COPP, SON, & CO.'S
 PEERLESS VEGETABLE

ANTISEPTIC DENTAL SCALING POWDER,

Subtle and powerful, luxurious and aromatic, has established itself with unexampled rapidity a *sine qua non* of the toilet table. Going direct to the root of disease, and eradicating the very germ of decay, it obviates, and has entirely superseded, the impairing and troublesome process of mechanical scaling. It acts beneficially on the enamel, irresistibly removes tartar, preserves, strengthens, and gives to teeth a dazzling pearly whiteness. Continued application absolutely insures to them a lasting, healthful, and health-giving vigour. Although not artificially scented, it imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath.

Examined and recommended by Dr. Eason Wilkinson, 96, Mosley Street, Manchester; and Dr. Henry Ramsbottom, 16, Park Place, Leeds.

Price, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per Box. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers, or sent, post free, by the Inventor and Sole Proprietor, EDMUND COPP, Dentist, 6, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

SEASONABLE REQUISITES.

LEETE'S ALMOND AND GLYCERINE CREAM,

A perfectly harmless, but yet a most efficacious, application for SOFTENING THE SKIN, and preserving it from all roughness caused by a cold, ungenial atmosphere. Sold in Bottles at 1s. and 2s. each.

LEETE'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES,

A most valuable expectorant and demulcent in irritation of the throat. Sold in Boxes at 1s. each.

The original and Genuine, as well as other well-known Preparations, are still Prepared Solely by W. W. LEETE, Chemist (formerly of Fallowfield), now at 282, OXFORD STREET only, corner of Ducie Street, Manchester

CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.—The Best and Cheapest PAPER HANGINGS

in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

VIII.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

[JUNE 16, 1876.]

NOTE THE ADDRESS 131, MARKET STR.

WHEELER AND WILSON'S

W W

NO MACHINE IS GENUINE WITHOUT THE TRADE MARK A NAME—FIRM WHEELER AND WILSON COMPANY ON THE CLOTH PLATE

FROM 86.6

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY'S DEPOT

131. MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

CAUTION. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AS THE IMMENSE POPULARITY OF OUR MACHINES HAS PRODUCED A HOST OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS

EQUAL TO HOME MADE.

WM. P. HARTLEY'S MARMALADES & PRESERVES ARE THE BEST.

FIRST-CLASS Restaurant Proprietors, Managers of Hotels, and Families may safely depend upon the quality of the above, the greatest care being used in their manufacture.

"The quality of Mr. Hartley's product is excellent."—Grocer. CONFECTIONERY WORKS: BOOTLE, LIVERPOOL.

MANUFACTORY: 11, OLDHAM STREET. **HUSBAND'S PATENT HATS** CLAIM PREFERENCE Over every other. They are the only HATS which are really VENTILATED. **BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.**

HATS. HATS. HATS. FOR STYLE AND ECONOMY, **GO TO WHILES'S,** 248, ROCHDALE ROAD.

GUINEA GOLD WEDDING RINGS. **C. HUGHES.** WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, 79, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER. **BILLIARDS.**

JOHN O'BRIEN, The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard. **Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.**

USE **ASHTON'S** LAUNDRY **BLUE,** Best, Cheapest, and Cleanest.

Wholesale at 50, CUMBERLAND STREET, DEANS GATE. Retail by most Grocers, Druggists, &c. In Bottles at 2d., 6d., 1s., and 1s.

MARSALA WINE.

We beg to draw attention to our large and well-matured Stock of this excellent Wine. The price is so reasonable, and the quality so fine, that we consider it about the best and most economical White Wine for household use we know.

In Quarter Casks and Octaves, at 8s. per Gal.
In Bottles.....18s. per Doz.

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 11, Lord Street.

Birmingham: 28, High Street.

MANCHESTER SKATING RINK,
NEAR ALEXANDRA PARK.
OPEN DAILY,
From 11 to 1; 2 30 to 5; 7 to 9 30.
ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.
HIRE OF SKATES, SIXPENCE.
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, 2s. 6d. (including skates.)

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Open for the Season. Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Danson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks.

The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m.

The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lake, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, &c. Admission, 6d. each; after four p.m., 1s.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT
Mutual Assurance Company Limited.
THE ONLY MUTUAL ACCIDENT COMPANY.

Reserve Fund and Guarantee, £14,700.

£1000

If Killed, with liberal allowances if injured, for a SINGLE PAYMENT OF £3 COVERING the WHOLE LIFE. Smaller amounts in proportion.

42, POULTRY, LONDON.

W. DORN, F.R.S., Managing Director.
Agent: H. SUTCLIFFE, 6, Brown Street.

ROBERT H. YATES,
GENERAL ENGRAVER,
21, Thomas Street, Shudehill,
MANCHESTER.

Door, Door Check, and Window Plates, Coffin Shields, Machine Plates, and all kinds of General Engraving.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE TAILORING CO. LIMITED,
ST. ANN'S SQUARE.
C. BANOROFF, from London, MANAGER.

CHEVIOT SUITS FROM £3. 3s.
THE MODEL TROUSERS 16s AND 21s.

CHESHIRE LINES.
SATURDAY HALF-DAY TRIPS TO LIVERPOOL,
By the New Route.

On SATURDAY, June 17, 1876, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued by the undermentioned Train:—

From Manchester (London Road Station, South Junction Platform), depart, 2 5 p.m.; Manchester (Oxford Road), 2 8 p.m.; Urmston, 2 15 p.m.; arriving in Liverpool (Central) about 3 15 p.m. Returning from Liverpool (Central Station) at 8 30 p.m. on the day of issue.

Fares to Liverpool and Back, first class, 6s.; covered carriages, 3s.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.
Central Station, Liverpool, 1876.

Printed and Published by the Proprietor, ROBERT ROBINSON DODDS, of 20, Belle Vue Street, Ardwick, at his Printing Office, Market Street Chambers, 73A, Market Street, Manchester.—Friday, June 16, 1876.
Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PAPER HANGINGS! (Cheapest out, from 2 1d. per 12 yards, in great variety and newest designs. Borders, Centres, and all Decorations at Wholesale Prices.)
PAPER HANGINGS!

LEWIS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS, 29, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.